

Falling Into The Trinity 3: "The Raid"

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Disclaimer: I don't own any BtVS characters. They belong to Joss. I do own everyone else...so don't take my stories or use my characters without asking.

Rating: PG

Summary: The continued story of Angel, Buffy, and their children...

Author's note: I am revising all my stories before I finish or write new ones, so please don't expect new ones soon. This is the new, improved, and revised edition of this story. Enjoy!

Falling Into the trinity 3:

"The Raid"

1

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Sunnydale, Ca...A week after we left off, Buffy and Angel's apartment

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"Spike, if you don't stop doing that to her she will be spoiled!" Buffy half laughed, half chastised as a grinning Spike sang to a cooing Aurora. "C'mon Spike, put her to bed! Sera and Marius are already asleep. You're going to wake them up." Spike laughed and

rocked Aurora slowly as her eyes began to droop and she fell asleep. He laid her in her crib gently. "Are ya' 'appy now?" he told Buffy sarcastically, but with a smile on his face. She mock rolled her eyes and motioned for him to follow her out of the nursery. "I'm hungry. Want a mug of warmed blood, Spikey?" Spike nodded as he sat on the couch and turned on Passions. Buffy shook her head as she prepared the blood. "I don't know how you can stand that show, Spike."

He laughed as she handed him his mug. "It's amusing. Wot can I say?" Buffy pursed her lips, thinking. "Spike, I am going to ask you something, and I want the true answer." Spike looked at her, a confused look on his face. "'Bout what?" "Aurora. Why do you favor her?" Buffy asked. Spike got a sad look in his eyes and turned away. "Aurora was my sister. She...died. We were close." Buffy looked saddened and sighed. "I'm sorry." Spike nodded. "Aurora...she was a pretty li'l' wench. Your daughter 'as 'er eyes. Th' same blue eyes...like th' ocean, as deep an' as blue." He sighed a little and stared into the television. "Dru killed 'er before she turned me. Said she would let me love no other." Buffy put a reassuring hand on Spike's arm. "It's okay, Spike. I'm sorry I asked. "It's okay ducks; I'm used to it. I've 'ad over a hundred years to let go." Spike pursed his lips and began to watch Passions. Buffy sighed quietly and sipped her blood, content to let the subject rest.

All of a sudden, the door opened, and Angel walked in. The moonlight shone into the front room of the apartment. Buffy ran to her love and gave him a welcome home kiss as he hugged her. "Buffy, do you want to come hunt with me and give Spikey here a day off?" Angel asked with a significant look at his childe. Buffy smiled. "Let me get my coat!"

2

At The Same Time: Sunnydale, CA, An old motel...

"Misery, I never thought I would ever stay in such a butt-ugly cheap ass motel!" Demise grumbled as he and Misery surveyed their motel room. The yellow carpet was stained in many places, the bed was saggy, and the walls were dirty. Misery pursed her lips. "Lover, we won't be here for long. All we have to do is kill the old Slayer and her mate, as well as the children, and we leave. How long can it take? I mean, come on, you are older than that Angel guy is, and the ex-Slayer is weak from the childbirth. We are stronger by a long shot." Demise sighed and sat on the bed, motioning for Misery to join him. She smiled and sat on his lap. "Mis, darling, you know how to make a man feel better!" he said, smiling. Misery grinned and licked his cheek. "I could think of another way to make you a whole lot better, Demise..." she whispered.

He grinned back and ran his finger along her jaw. "Not now, Mis. We have to finish the mission first." Demise laughed as his lover pouted. "No tantrums now, Mis. Come on." He stood up and walked to his suitcase. Opening it, he pulled out a large crossbow. Misery smiled as she walked up to Demise and removed a large knife from the depths of the suitcase. "Ready, lover?" Demise nodded at her and the two walked out of their motel room.

3

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Underneath Stevenson Hall...Inside the Initiative
Laboratories

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Commander Riley Finn glared at his friend Forrest with a look to kill. "Buffy has been a hostile for weeks now, Riley," Forrest argued. "You shall have to bring her in like the others...or kill her, whatever comes first." Riley sighed and covered his face with his hands. _"He can't know how much I love her...need her...miss her...I know what I have to do..."_ Riley thought. He turned to Forrest. "I know what must be done. I will not jeopardize this mission because of my feelings." Forrest got a relieved look on his face. "I hope not, soldier. Because I just received our orders. We are to bring the hostiles along with the babies here tonight."

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Two Hours Later, Sunnydale Cemetery

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Angel smiled down at his Buffy as the two vampires walked through the graveyard on their way home. They had already dropped off food for the children and Spike, and had just finished eating themselves. Buffy, catching his gaze, smiled back up at him and grabbed his hand possessively. Angel grinned and leaned down to kiss her. The kiss broke when the two vampires realized that they weren't alone in the cemetery.

Buffy turned around to see a tall, well-built girl with long dark hair and black eyes smiling at her. Automatically, both Buffy and Angel smelled the blood of a Slayer emanating from her body. She was not alone. A tall, muscular blonde man with blue eyes walked up behind the girl and grabbed her waist. Angel stepped protectively in front of Buffy as he smelled trouble. "Who are you and what do you want?" Angel asked. The girl smiled. "You must be Angel...once known as Angelus. I am Misery, the Vampire Slayer. I am here to kill you." Buffy smirked. "Well, Misery, if I were you, I would start by killing the one in back of you. That is your job, right? By the way, nice name." Misery laughed as Demise aimed his crossbow at Angel's chest. "I am Demise," he said bluntly. "You have heard of me, Angelus, you must have. Too bad we shall not know each other personally." It was Angel's turn to smirk. "It is too bad, Demise, since you will be the one to die." Angel turned vamp and watched as Buffy did the same. Smiling, Buffy watched as Misery pulled out a large knife from her pants pocket. "I needed some fun," Misery laughed. "The Council will be happy to know that you and your children are dead." Buffy snarled and lunged at Misery, and the two started fighting. Angel and Demise glared each other down before beginning to fight.

The couples fought vigilantly against each other, equally matched on each side. Unfortunately, with a quick flick of his wrist, Angel pulled the trigger on the crossbow, sending the arrow straight into the stomach of Demise. Demise hunched over in pain. Misery ran to her lover and helped him up. "This ain't over yet..." she cried as the

Slayer and the vampire ran away. At the same time, Buffy's face contorted into a grimace of fear. "Angel! Something is happening to the children!"

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Ten Minutes Earlier, Inside Buffy and Angel's apartment

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_ _Seraphina laughed and reached out to Spike as he appeared in front of her with a bottle. He picked her up and positioned her for feeding as he sat down on the rocking chair in the babies' nursery. Spike hummed a little tune as Sera sucked on the bottle, and satisfied with her eating, he glanced over at Marius and Aurora. They were sleeping peacefully. With a last tender look at Aurora, Spike turned his attentions on Seraphina. She was nodding off to sleep, her eyes half closed. Spike rocked a little slower until her eyes closed completely, and then he stood up and went to put her in her crib.

That very moment, every one of the babies' eyes opened at the same time. They all turned their heads toward the nursery door.

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Outside Buffy and Angel's Apartment, the same time

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Twenty commando units in full uniform and holding guns surrounded the apartment complex. Their leader motioned for the troops to follow, and they all surrounded apartment number twelve. "Remember, the three baby hostiles are to be taken unharmed. The parent hostiles are to be taken if possible, but if worst comes to worst, the male can be destroyed. Do not harm the female." "But Finn, you know what I told you earlier..." Forrest began. Riley glared at him and Forrest backed away. "Like I said, do not harm the female. I have had reports that hostile seventeen has been seen with the hostiles in question. I have no orders to bring hostile seventeen in, so he can be destroyed on sight. Any questions?" Silence. "Like we say in Iowa...lets get this cow truck moving."

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Inside the Apartment

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_ _Spike looked at each of the children and a pang of dread passed through him. He had a strange feeling that something bad was about to happen. The smell of humans passed through his nostrils and he ran into the living room to see the shadows of many men outside the window. "Bloody hell!" he cried, turning to run back into the nursery as the men busted into the apartment.

Spike slammed the door of the nursery and pushed a dresser in front

of it, even though he knew that it would only delay the inevitable. A tear fell down his cheek as he realized that he couldn't save the children, and for the first time in his undead life, he prayed that Buffy and Angel would make it home in time. His demon taking over, Spike turned vamp and broke the rocking chair to pieces. Picking up the biggest and sharpest piece of wood, he watched the door as the dresser fell over, allowing Riley and his troops entry into the room.

Everything went in slow motion... Spike charged the men, managed to run a couple through with the stick, snap the necks of three others, but then commandos surrounded him and held him down, sending currents of electricity through his body with taizers. Aurora began to cry, followed by Sera and Marius. With all his strength, Spike broke away from the men that held him and he charged the three men who had picked up the babies. He sensed a presence charging him, felt it knock him over through the window. Spike felt something sharp pierce his chest as he fell out of the second story window, dragging the man who charged him down with him, then he hit the ground and there was nothing but darkness.

End
file.